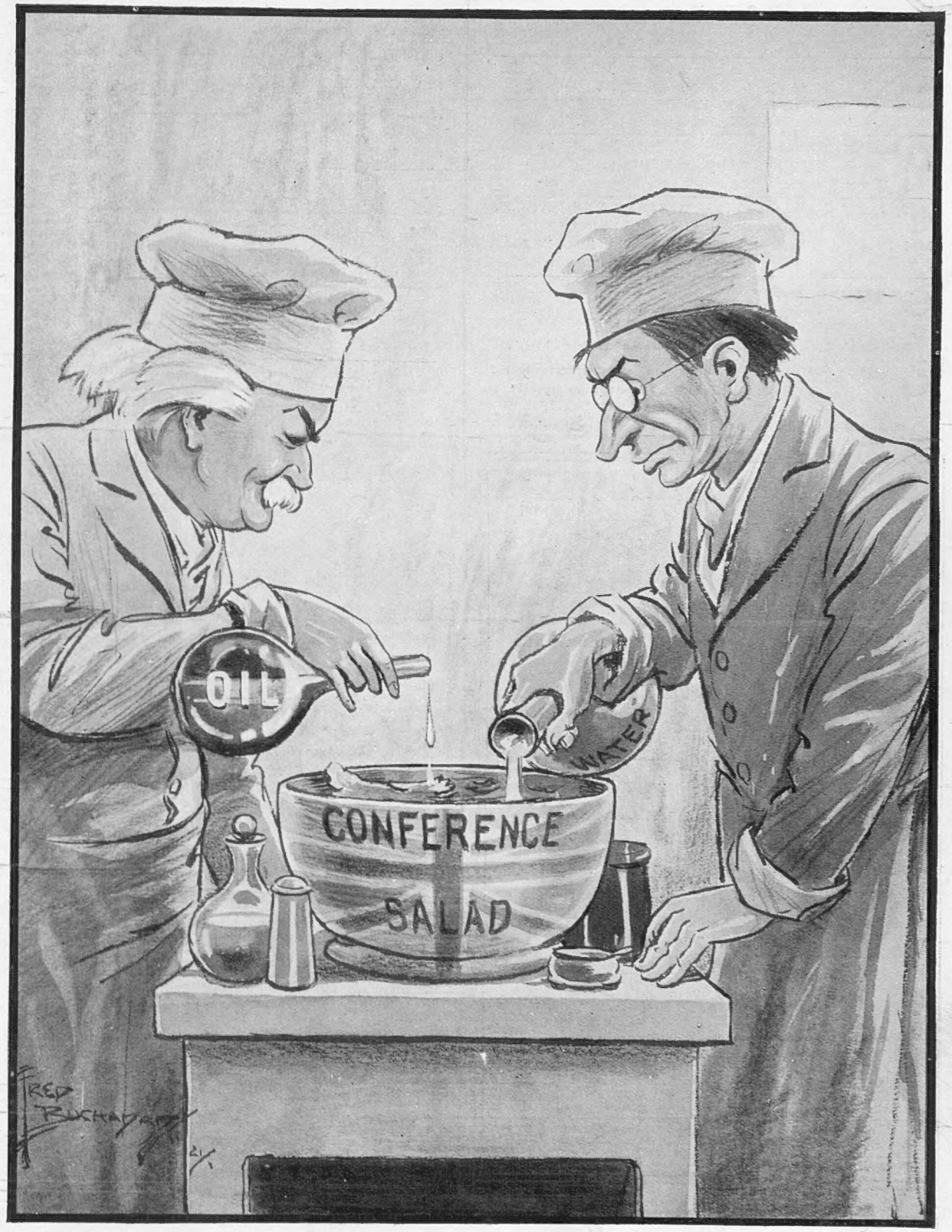
The Bystander, November 2, 1921

No. 935. Vol. LXXII.

The BYSTANDER



BY FRED BUCHANAN

"WILL THEY MIX?"

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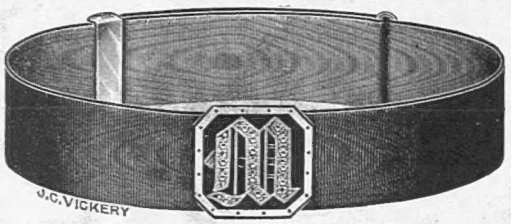

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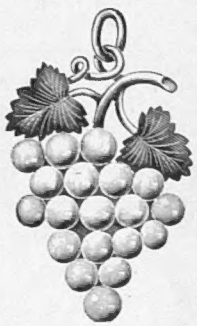

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BYSTANDER COMMENTS

"Are We Losing Our Manners?"

"ARE we losing our manners?" asked a writer in the Press last week. It is one of those perennial questions which many people love to discuss and answer in very various ways. "Are we changing our manners, and, if so, why?" would seem to me a more profitable theme. This summer I have heard two opinions on English manners, one from a lady who was visiting England after an absence of seven years in Canada and the United States, the other from a man who had spent the last six years entirely in the East.

East and West Differ

THE lady from the West was delighted with us, shop-assistants, taxi-men, hotel servants, she praised us all for our manners. But the man from the East took a different view. He thought our manners had deteriorated, and especially those of our young women. He declared himself shocked at their roughness and want of the "fair play spirit" as shown by their way of shoving themselves into and out of buses, theatres, trains, along pavements, in shops and everywhere that he came across them.

The Forceful Female

ONE may admit that he could point to a good deal that seemed to justify his charge, without at all admitting that he was entirely right. He did not see those days when young women in England had to shove about, not only for themselves, but for us, and conditions were such that they did a great deal of the shoving amongst themselves. Those were really rougher and readier days than we thought at the time or have realised since. And now, though I am no believer in the cry myself, these young women are being told on every side that they are "superfluous," at any rate to the extent of a couple of million. Can we wonder, then, that many of them are apt to bear in mind the old saying about the devil taking the hindmost, and think it behoves them to keep in front on all occasions, even if it does entail a little shoving?

"Karl of Karno's"

BY the time this is printed, it may have been settled what is to be done with Karl the ex-, and would-be, King of Hungary. Whether it has been or not, I feel sure that he has been, or is about to be, lamentably wasted. These ex-kaisers, ex-kings, ex-emperors, and ex-crown-princes ought to have been quite useful little by-products of the War. We might have collected them all into one ex-royal troupe and made a good deal out of them. "An island" is suggested for Karl, and, at the moment, I read that in France it is suggested he should be sent to England to be looked after. Why not collect the lot and bring them here. We have an island in our island which would just suit them. "Karno's," of course. "Karl of Karno's" alone would be a draw—add to him the ex-kaiser, the ex-kronprinz, and a few more of them, and we might tour them for the benefit of the unemployed, of whom they are, after all, the chief cause. When they ceased to draw, I have other suggestions for their useful employment.

Americans the Best Lovers?

SO Mrs. Clare Sheridan—whose claim to omniscience seems to be founded on the facts that she has sculpted Lenin and Trotsky, and is a relation of the Right Hon. Winston Churchill—has settled, once and for all time, that American men are the best lovers and husbands in the whole world. "Simply adorable," she calls them. One argument in favour of her view she seems to have overlooked. It is this. A peculiarly large proportion of American women are not satisfied with just one of these super-husbands, and are constantly changing the

AN EXPENSIVE CURE! By W. E. Wigfull

MR. HODGES (*to John Bull, taxpayer*): "if you'd buy him another bottle of this, it would soon set him on his feet!"

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)

super-husband of the moment for one more "super" still. It is only a cynic who would suggest that these fortunate wives of the "simply adorable" have been disappointed. They know that they must do equally well and probably even better when they make a change. And we are all entitled to the best we can get.

"For Remembrance"

Forty whizz-bangs, fifty crumps, six mines"—and so on. No, not the recital of the contents of a parcel for Buda-Pesth. Merely the sort of thing one can hear almost any day in early November in the firework shops. I understand that there is this year to be something in the nature of a "boom" in firework festivities on November 5, and generally throughout the month. I suppose the days of the most wonderful "firework" display the world has ever seen are getting a little dim now that they have been gone these three years back, and so we all want a reminder as to what the firework display in Flanders was really like! Well, here's hoping that none of your "whizz-bangs" are "duds"—and that they may remind you to invest in one —or preferably more—of Earl Haig's "poppies for remembrance" on November 11.

By Victor Hicks

THE WAITER'S WAIL
The Tax on the Tip

The Landed Gentry not Disappearing

I have been going over with the keenest interest the new edition of *Burke's Landed Gentry*, which makes its appearance this morning at six guineas, for in a rough way it registers the abnormal change, in the ownership of landed estates, which is such a feature of the moment. That, of course, is no new phenomenon, for land always registers political upheavals. What is new in the situation is the fact that while the old families still retain their ancestral seats, their original holdings have been broken up, so that we get three landed properties in the place of one, while one hundred of the oldest families have disappeared from the new "Burke," which, by the way, is ninety-one years old, their place being taken by two hundred new comers.

From Gentry to Peers

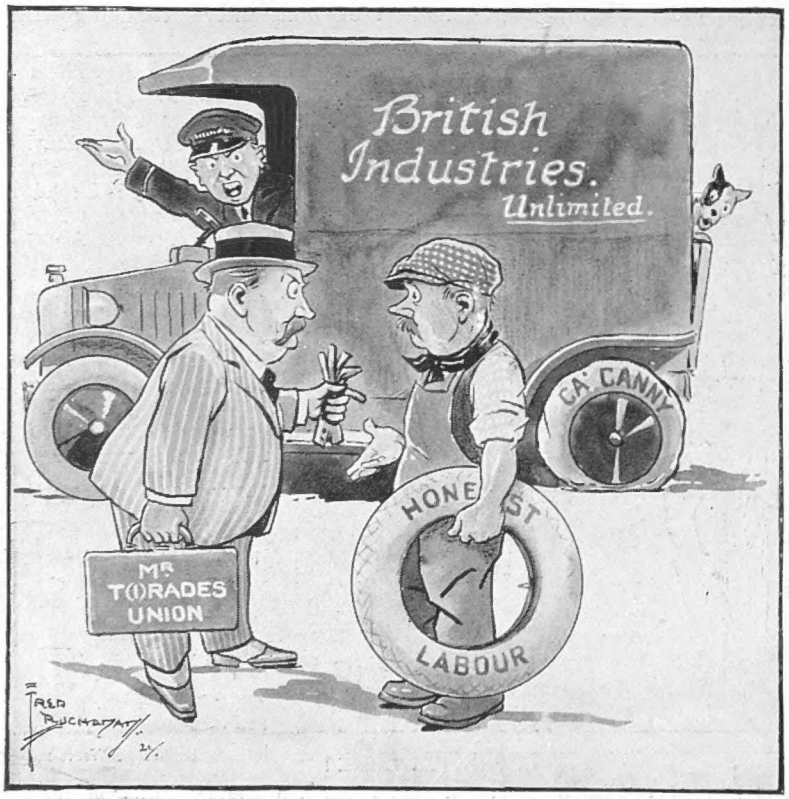
Since the previous edition appeared in 1914, thirty-five of the landed families have been transferred to the Peerage, which has always been largely recruited from the landed gentry. On the other hand, many of the latter have stood out against removal from the Commons, and some of the oldest families of England, in spite of all temptations, have resolutely set their face against entering the Lords. Just think, The Mackintosh and Lochiel, whose ancestry goes back goodness knows how far. The latter married into the Peerage, but you cannot imagine Lochiel sinking his identity in a title. Why, he doesn't even use his patronymic.

Every Man His Own Landlord

One of the most interesting break-ups was the sale of Reigate by Mr. Somers Somerset last week. He inherited the estate from his mother, the late Lady Henry Somerset, who, with her sister, the late Duchess of Bedford, were the co-heiresses of the last Earl Somers. When the latter died in 1883 his earldom died, but his barony went to his cousin, who, in turn, was succeeded by a grand-nephew.

Lady Rhondda as Writer

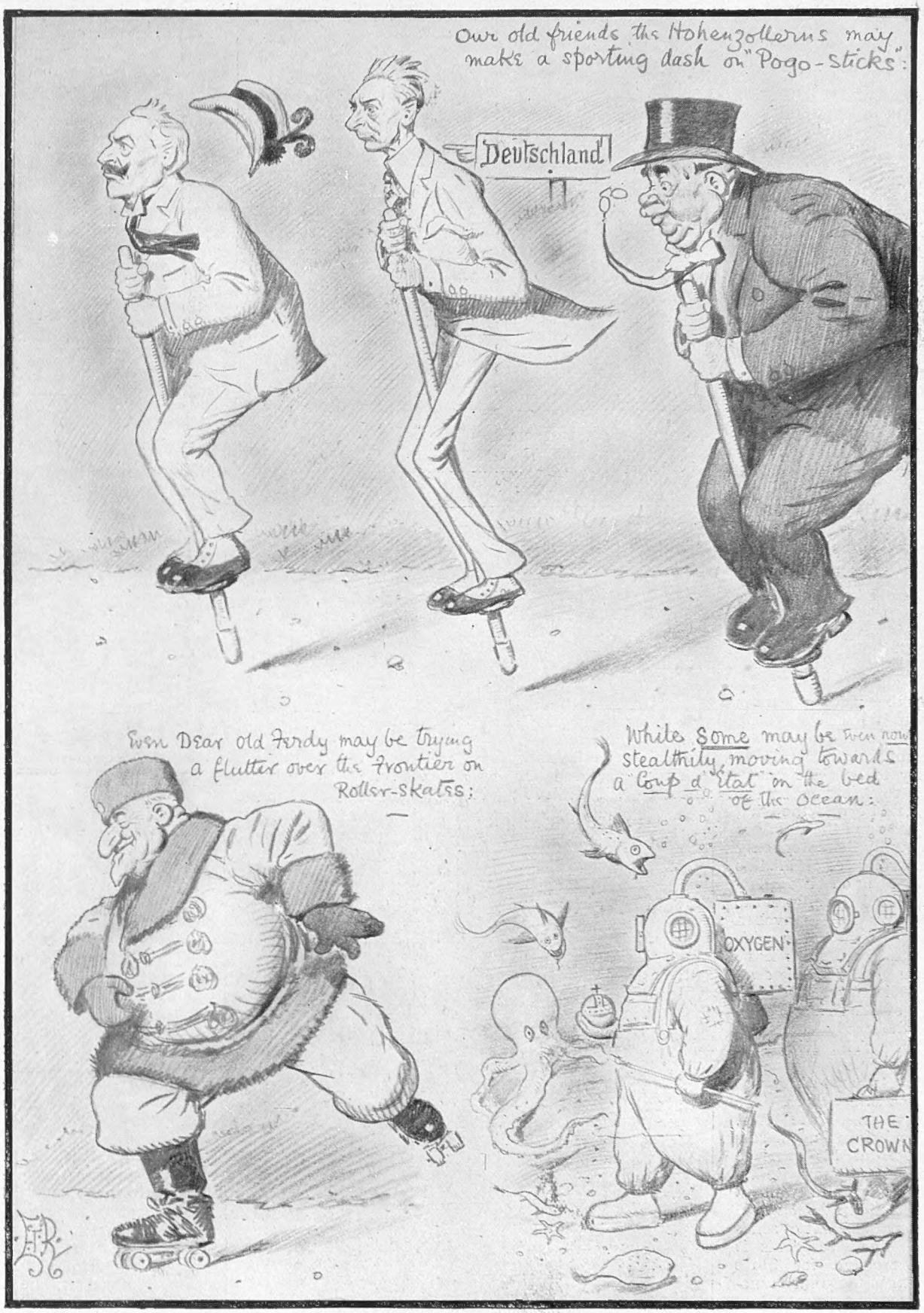
We all know Lady Rhondda to be an exceedingly able woman, but few of us, I fancy, were prepared to find her such a skilled biographer as she shows herself to be in her admirable life of her father. She has all his brains, but she brings to bear a sense of discrimination and a power of handling the extraordinary diverse material of life in which "D.A." worked with remarkable skill. I cannot help feeling that if and when peeresses are allowed to take their seats in "Lords," Lady Rhondda will show far more aptitude for political life than her father, with all his ability, ever displayed.



By Fred Buchanan

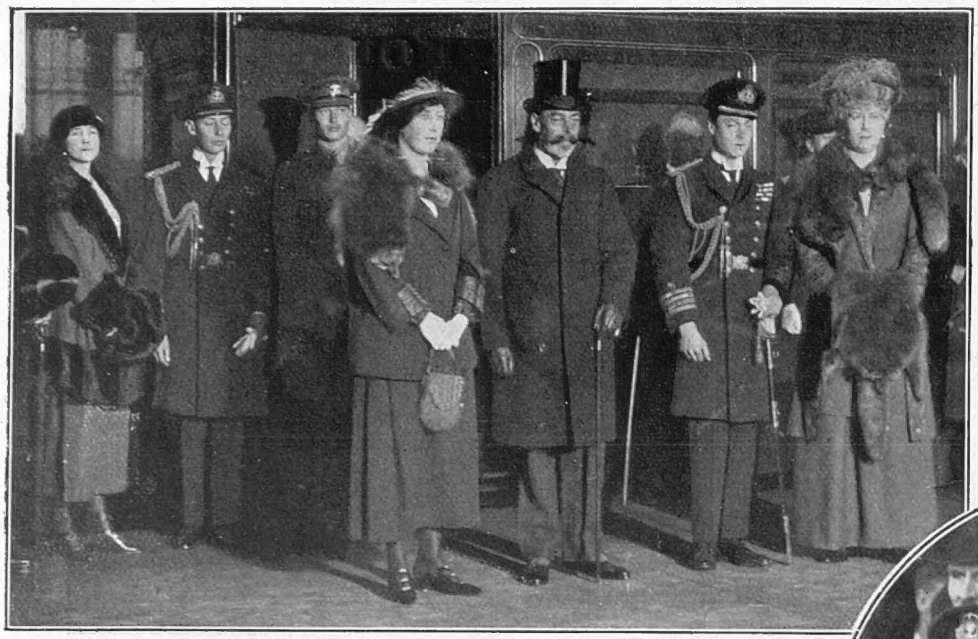
CUT THE CACKLE AND PUT THE WHEEL ON!

Ex-Royalties on the Pounce



BY E. T. REED

Undeterred by the melancholy performance of the Per-Hapsburgs in an aeroplane, several other displaced Rulers may shortly feel impelled to "have a go" for their own old thrones in some equally original and sporting manner.



Photograph *Photo Press*

THE ROYAL DEPARTURE FROM VICTORIA

The Duke of York, Prince Henry, Princess Mary, His Majesty the King, the Prince of Wales and Queen Mary on Victoria Station before the departure of the Prince for Southampton

WHO, WHEN & WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

Our Ambassador of Empire

THE Prince's departure for India was as private as it is possible for the doings of Royalty to be. He went from York House to Victoria by the shortest route, and beyond the King and Queen and the members of his family there were only a sprinkling of Ministers of State upon the platform. The Prince, and the Duke of York, who travelled down to Portsmouth with his brother, and took leave of him on the *Renown*, Prince Henry and the officers of the Prince's suite were the only ones in uniform. The King was in mufti.

At Portsmouth there was the same atmosphere. The train ran on to the jetty, and the Prince had merely to step from his carriage on to the gangway leading from the granite wall to the deck of the *Renown*.

The arrangement of semi-privacy was wise. This is not a moment for State functions because such functions mean expense. And it doesn't need squadrons of Horse Guards and State carriages to assure the Prince that he goes to India with the sincerest wishes of the nation behind him. He is our Ambassador of Empire, and we all believe that what he has achieved for us so often he will achieve again.

Photograph] **AT SOUTHAMPTON** *[Farringdon Photo Co.*

The Prince with Admiral Sir Somerset A. Gough-Calthorpe, Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth, passing from the train on to the quay prior to boarding the "Renown"

Photograph *Central News*

THE "RENOWN" SAILS

The Prince of Wales' brothers, the Duke of York and Prince Henry, watch the ship from the quayside making her way out to sea. Prince Henry is a lieutenant in the King's Royal Rifle Corps

Is "Auction" Betting?

THE decision of the House of Lords that betting losses paid by cheque are recoverable by the loser has not only caused a prodigious flutter amongst racing folk, but it has made Bridge players sit up suddenly and ponder. Lots of people who have taken cheques for losses are asking their legal friends if Auction comes under the legal definition of betting.

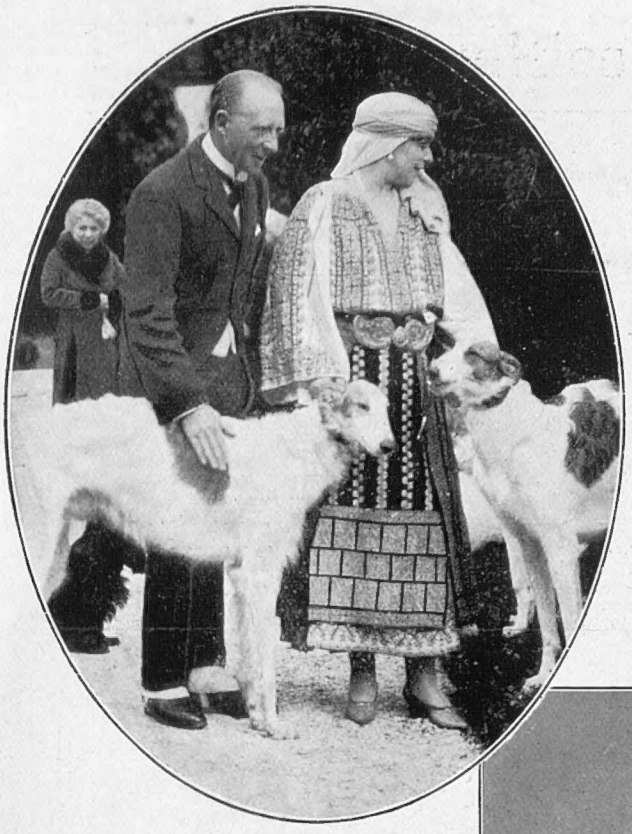
Myself, I don't know whether it does or not—perhaps one of my learned legal readers will enlighten me. But if it does, certain ladies you and I and all the world know as notorious for never paying their Bridge debts until they are forced to do so will have a golden time raking in all the money that has been wrung from them.

Here is another point. If the payment of a betting loss by cheque is illegal, is the return of the amount by cheque legal or illegal should the loser be so mean as to take advantage of the dictum laid down by Lords Birkenhead, Buckmaster, and Carson?

How She "Backed" It

SPEAKING of cheques I heard this touching little story the other day. A newly married and very young bride asked her husband for a cheque. "Don't forget to back it," he said, as he gave it her.

A couple of mornings later she went to her husband in great distress. "That horried bank has sent



Photograph *Central News*

THE QUEEN OF ROUMANIA

During a visit to the Balkans for the purpose of studying conditions and trade possibilities, Sir Harry Brittain, M.P., was entertained at the Royal Palace in the Carpathians by the Queen of Roumania, who was dressed in one of the many picturesque national costumes of her people, which she wears when residing in the mountains. The Queen, with Sir Harry Brittain and some of Her Majesty's famous Borzois

back the cheque and says it is 'improperly endorsed.' You told me to back it and I did!" Looking at the cheque the husband read on the back, "Your own loving, devoted and grateful little wifie, Toodlekins."

Manners in Ministries

"MANNERS makyth man," but Ministerial office does not make manners. Some of the younger men, especially Under-Secretaries, are developing a *brusquerie* and lofty disdain which they are said to have caught from some of the Labour representatives who, like certain of their fellows in France, seem to consider that office can only be supported and expressed by an entire disregard of even the most ordinary civility.

A lady recently had business with one of our rising young Ministerial men. She was shown into his room. The future probable holder of a portfolio was writing busily at a table. He did not take any notice of his visitor, but went on writing. The table stood in the centre of the room; the nearest chair was *planté* against a distant wall, so the lady stood. She went on standing and the personage-to-be went on writing.

Suddenly he looked up, snapping out, "Well, what can I do for you?"

"The first thing I want is a chair," retorted the lady. And under the steady gaze of a steely eye the Ministerial personage meekly walked across the room and brought back a chair from the distant wall. Perhaps the lesson will do him good.

A Suggestion for the New Poor

IT would be interesting to know how the authority which is proposing to apply the income tax to tips received by railway guards, porters, waiters, and all that numerous world which gets *douceurs* for doing a job it is already paid to do. There is such a thing as putting too great a strain on human nature, and even if memory did not fail in making the return of tips, honesty certainly would.

But if the ukase is carried out I see possibilities for great saving amongst those who are forced to go through life tipping upon the right hand and the left.

Say you are going to give a guard or a waiter half-a-crown. Instead you give 1*s.* 8*d.*, remarking kindly "I was going to give you half-a-crown but as you will have to pay tenpence income tax I have deducted that." In the case of small tips the 30 per cent. deduction will make them so much smaller still that they won't be "worth accepting"—at least, you can put it that way.

Guards, waiters, and such recipients of tips will doubtless retort that they have to pay income-tax on what they *get*. But that is not your line of argument. What you were *going* to give if there had been no income tax on tips is your line. The saving thus effected can go to help you pay your own tax.

Photograph *Lafayette*

THE COUNTESS OF LYTTON

A new and charming photograph of the beautiful wife of the Earl of Lytton, who is in charge of one of the stalls at the forthcoming bazaar in aid of the Waifs and Strays Society

Is It Propaganda?

I TOLD you some little time ago that if you wanted to live with a maximum of comfort at a minimum of cost and didn't mind tiresome passport regulations, Austria and Hungary were the places to depart to in order to save money to buy new clothes. But now I hear that Germany is going one better than Austria. At Kiel, bed and breakfast in a first-class hotel costs one shilling and ninepence, a stall at the Opera fourpence halfpenny, and your morning paper a farthing, including the tip to the newsboy.

The Silesian

Photograph Hugh Cecil

MISS MILLICENT ORR-EWING

Whose engagement has been announced to Mr. John R. R. Reynolds, eldest son of Lieut.-Colonel Sir James Reynolds, D.S.O., and Lady Reynolds. Miss Orr-Ewing is the only child of Lady Margaret Orr-Ewing

Photograph Bassano, Ltd.

THE HON. ANNE THESIGER

The second daughter of Viscount and Viscountess Chelmsford, whose wedding to the Hon. D. E. F. O'Brien, eldest son of the Lord and Lady Inchiquin, takes place on December 13, at St. Peter's, Eaton Square

may be royalist propaganda disguised by the contemptuous office these pictures are filling. If this is the case it would be typical of German "subtlety."

A Great Loss

THAT strange, tropical disease, "sleepy" sickness, has claimed another victim in Mrs. Herbert Johnson, one of the most delightful and kindest of women. Born a Fletcher, of Saltoun, she was, perhaps, better known as Mrs. Bertram Meeking, a name she bore for nearly twenty years. Her first husband, Captain Bertram Meeking,

ATTORNEY-GENERAL MARRIED

The Hon. Willoughby Bullock, Attorney-General of the Bahamas, and Mrs. Bullock, after their marriage at Half-way Tree Church, Kingston, Jamaica

business sent the mark tumbling down until comparatively poor English officers on duty over there found themselves literally millionaires.

But who will ever fathom the mentality of the Boche? At the hotel in Kiel the table napkins are of paper. And what do you think they have printed on them? The *ci-devant* Imperial yacht *Hohenzollern* in the centre, flanked on the right with the ex-Kaiser on the bridge taking the salute at a naval review, or on the left by his *arbietzimmer* on that floating palace! Below is a photograph of the ex-Kaiser in naval uniform with an inscription setting forth that he is super and over-admiral of the German navy.

In all probability these napkins date from the days of Imperial magnificence and truculence, and are being used for motives of economy. I should scarcely think they were ever intended for napkins as it would have been *lèse-majesté* of the worst for Wilhelm's subjects to wipe their mouths upon a presentment of his august features and person. Their use now

Photograph C. Vandyk

THE WEDDING OF THE WEEK

Miss Hilda de Bunsen and Captain Guy Yerburgh, of the Irish Guards, after their marriage at St. Margaret's, Westminster. The bride is the eldest daughter of Sir Maurice de Bunsen, formerly our Ambassador in Vienna, and Lady de Bunsen

Photograph L. N. A.

AFTER THE CEREMONY

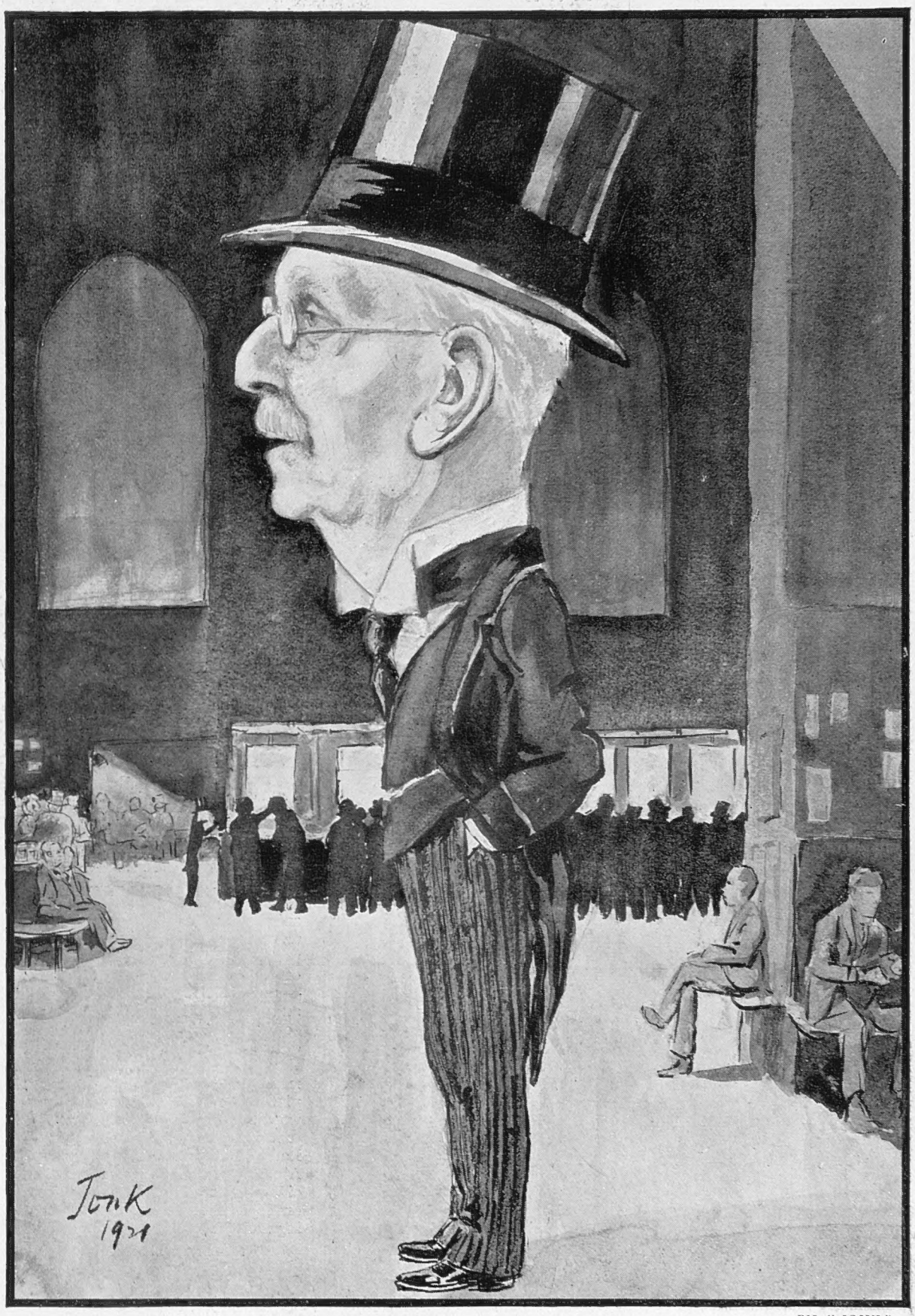
Brigadier-General C. R. Woodroffe, who will act as military secretary to the Prince of Wales during his stay in Japan, after his marriage to Miss Isley Macdonald at St. George's, Hanover Square, last Thursday

died in 1900, and twelve years later she married Mr. Herbert Johnson, who is now Master of the Hursley Hounds.

Mrs. Johnson had an unusual combination of interests. She was fond of all outdoor sports and was a mighty huntress, but she always had time for books, for a host of philanthropic undertakings, which she managed extraordinarily well, and to be kind to other people. There are a great many people who will never forget her personal kindness to them. She had the most charming manner, and as a hostess was a model to a good many of

(*Continued on page 240*)

Stock Exchange Celebrities



BY "JONK"

No. III.—THE CHAIRMAN OF THE BENEVOLENT FUND

Mr. Alfred J. Baker, a J.P. for Kent, and a light who has brightened the darkness of many who have fallen under the weight of the omnipresent "hammer." Has a profound knowledge of cricket and cheques; should write a book, "Fifty Years of 'House'-work"

Photograph *Yevonde*

A BEAUTIFUL AMERICAN BRIDE-TO-BE

Miss Katherine Watson, whose engagement to Mr Elias Atkins, of Indianapolis, was recently announced. Miss Watson is a niece of Mrs. Charles Davis, the wife of the former American Ambassador over here

the younger women would do well to follow.

Her Daughter's Marriage

IN April Mrs. Johnson's younger daughter, Finola, married Lord Somers. It was in July that the insidious "sleepy" sickness first showed itself, and now, after three months, this charming and delightful woman has died of sheer exhaustion. Both the King and Queen will feel her loss acutely, as she was one of their oldest and most intimate friends.

"Gloomy Forebodings"

THE opening of Parliament has brought all the official folk back to London and started the "little season." But with unemployment rising by leaps and bounds there is a strong feeling against entertaining on any large scale. Dances there are galore, but almost without exception in hotels. The chief resource, however, seems to be the theatres, those with popular plays and revues being crowded nightly. The Gilbert and Sullivan operas at the Princes are becoming a weekly fixture with some people; others go again and again to the Co-optimists and the Chauve-Souris.

It is always the way. During times of national anxiety people flock to the theatre, and there are a good many causes for anxiety just now—Ireland, unemployment and matters on the Continent. The whole atmosphere makes those with their fingers on the national pulses of politics and finance uneasy—some of them are rather foreboding—and this feeling creeps down and down in a subtle, unaccountable way. There's no good done by being pessimistic, so the majority of sensible souls rush off to the theatre, to the picture galleries—which, by the way, are unusually well patronised just now, especially Sir John and Lady Lavery's pictures at the Alpine Gallery — and to the cinema, instead of sitting at home or with other people and "wondering what is going to happen."

Photograph *Lafayette*

MRS. FRANK DYER

A new photograph of the wife of Mr. Frank Dyer of Wellington, New Zealand. She is the daughter of the late Right Hon. R. J. Seddon, who was for many years Premier of New Zealand

Photograph] **VISCOUNTESS BIRKENHEAD** *[Lafayette*

Who, with Mrs. Perowne, has organised a jumble stall for the Y.W.C.A. Bazaar which is being held at the Central Hall, Westminster, to-day

Our Motor Supplement

INCLUDED in this number is a special supplement, entitled "Alice in Motorland"—a concise and attractive story of the great Exhibition at Olympia and the White City.

Some Pictures
By Lady Lavery

SIR JOHN LAVERY, R.A.

ANNA PAVLOVA

MRS. RALPH PETO

H.R.H. THE DUKE OF SPOLITO

Three paintings from the brush of Lady Lavery and a sketch of Anna Pavlova. With her husband, Sir John Lavery, R.A., she is exhibiting her pictures at the Alpine Club Gallery

THE NEW EUCLID

BY C. HEDLEY BARKER

Life would seem to be a cupboard, with lots of room on the back shelves. The back shelves are populated with ordinary fellows like you and me. For us there is no part in the spring-cleaning of the Fates. The most comprehensive flick of those dusting-women, Atropos and Lachesis, never disturbs the thick grey carpet in which it is our lot to sit, year in, year out. Only the front-shelfers—George Bernard Shaw, Palmer the Poisoner, the Live Hundred, and the men who profess—are occasionally plucked gently from their stall-seats and set down on the Turkey carpet whilst the dusting goes on. It is especially with the men who profess that I am concerned. As a rule, they live in Kensington, and eschew us back-shelfers, and go into the funnier details of life pretty thoroughly. Their names invariably end with F.R.S.

Recently, these F.R.S. fellows escaped. Somebody left the cupboard-door open, and they sneaked out and played old Harry. A fellow called Ikestein, or something, had imbued them with a tremendous enthusiasm for his theory. It's a theory about relations. Relations, he says, are not always what they seem. Most of us who have been married any length of time . . . but there shall be no mention of mothers-in-law here. The point is that the theory of relations has killed poor old Euclid. No longer is a straight line the shortest distance between anywhere and anywhere. Railways were mentioned by one of these front-shelf jail-breakers. He said that Bristol had a summer-residence; that its summer-distance from London was greater than its winter-distance. The rails expand, possibly, and push it along some. Verily, things are no longer what they seem! The world is hurtling ghastly towards a new era, the era of the-things-which-are-not, the era of the melancholy jest, the broken-hearted guffaw, the fierce grimace of compassion, and the fourpenny income-tax.

About these F.R.S. fellows. Between ourselves, they're common Thugs. With the silk handkerchief of philosophy they have garotted Euclid—a frail, inoffensive old man—to the death. I don't know how you feel about him, but Euclid was the friend of my childhood. There never was anything so confusing, so amusing, as Euclid. For me, he was a carpet-bag, filled with car-conductors, and lovers, and hidings. At my school they used to teach association of words. So I would say, after some hard-thinking, when asked: "What is a postulate?" "Well, a car-conductor, when arguing with a fare, is said to be ex-postulate, and *vice-versa*."

"Definition," however, earned for me a good hiding. The thing cropped up with old Rhombus, our mensuration master. He asked Smythe minor for a definition of the word "Hypotenuse." Smythe minor was, of course, floored, and, for no apparent reason, old Rhombus came for me like a shot. "Figgin," he snapped, "define 'definition.'"

Of course, I fell back on the association of words. I said:

"A definition is an instrument tapering to a point at one end, and bell-shaped at the other."

"Have you ever *seen* one?" demanded Rhombus, quietly.

I said, "Yes, sir. Aunt Agatha uses one. She is deaf."

There is no need to dwell upon what happened afterwards, and I've digressed. To come back to Euclid. He must be resurrected. After a good deal of considered thinking I have come to regard myself as the resurrector. As nobody now seems to have any use for him except those misguided people who specialise in locomotion, I have drawn up an expostulation or two for (1) the Tubes, (2) the Taxi-men.

For the Tubes

A line is length without breath.

Of two circles, the dress circle shall be said to outshine the Inner Circle.

A Tube-conductor is a perpendicular noise.

The Metropolitan has no parallel line.

For Taxi-Men

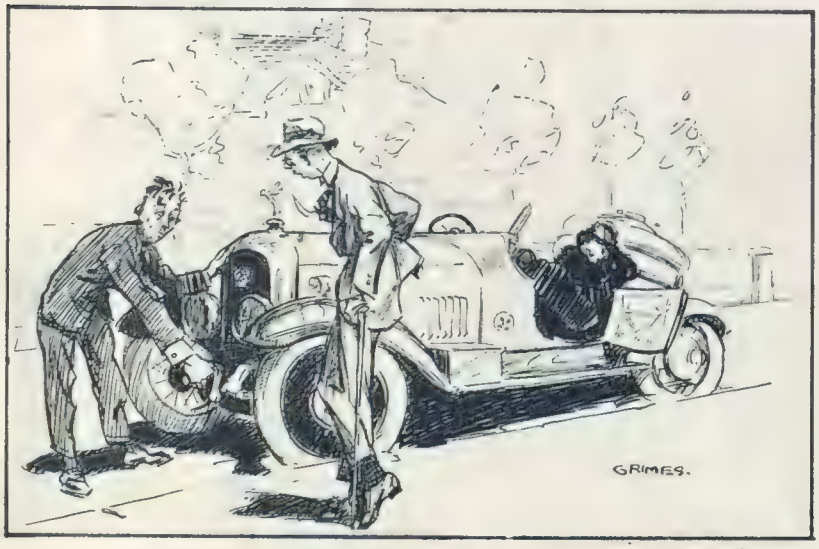
A taxi-line is the longest distance between any two given points.

Given the circumference of the fare, this, in shillings, shall indicate the total amount of the hire.

A line drawn from Long Acre to Kingsway shall enclose Highgate and South Woodford.

In the hope that these will, for the present, suffice to meet the more important requirements of those whose peculiar calling it is to sell distance, I have pleasure in bringing to a close what I trust will prove to be a singularly helpful collection of remarks.

C. Hedley Barker



By Grimes

O! GO AWAY!

Helpful Friend: "Have you—ah—switched on?"
Owner (*finding difficulty in starting*): "Yes"
Helpful Friend: "Well, switch on—ah—ever so"

Simple and Economical

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

THE PREVENTION OF PING-PONG

A few hints for checking the growing craze in its early stages

A Dancing Princess

PRINCESS WHITE DEER

Or, as she is more familiarly (?) known, Ken-Tio Kuo Oska, a Red-Indian dancer, who is one of the foremost attractions of Ziegfeld Follies in New York

Photographs E. O. Hoppé

The Bystander in Paris

ILLUSTRATED BY MARCEL PONCIN

THE TOO DEAR LIFE

"A franc for an egg"

MES AMIS—

I HAVE made the confirmation. One has wished to say that one has made the discovery, but I have the belief that one has made the discovery before. So I have the compulsion to call it only the confirmation. It is about the Dear Life. The Dear Life is a year too old. All the world in Paris has declared that we were to have the Cheap Life a year ago. And yet, not only is the Dear Life still with us, but it does show the signs to remain for ever. Everyone has had the wonder why this should be. It has now seemed to me that I have found the confirmation. It is the *paysans*.

THE *paysans* have not the wish that there shall be the termination to the Dear Life. It is by the Dear Life that they have *fait fortune* in the few last years. They have acquired the so affection for this means to make fortune that they have the determination not to relinquish it. And it is the unfortunate fact that they have the possession also of the power. It is by the prices which they do establish for their produce that the whole of the cost to live in France has the regulation. And I come to find that they have put into the practice the determination to re-establish them high. I am just of return from a voyage in La Bresse, which is the *pays* of the famous fat fowls and the delicious butter and eggs and cheese of the goat. One would have the expectation that it should be possible to have the very Cheap Life in this favoured region. I have thought to live on the fat of the land at the prices very much inferior to those of the capital. But I have counted without the peasants.

"They have fait fortune in the few last years"

AT the *marches* in the *petits bourgs* the prices have been such to appal. It has been nearly a franc for an egg. What they shall cost when they have made the journey of seven hours to Paris it is terrible to conjecture. Every goose and every duck and every hen does seem to lay the eggs of gold in La Bresse. And those fowls which are sold are sold for the weight in gold. So that the old fable is much outshone by the modern fact. There is the very little hope for the *ouvrier* in the large towns when such are the prices to be paid in the *petites villes* of the *campagne*.

ONE has found the similar displeasant state of things to exist in the Maconnais, where I have made the long wanderings among the vineyards. There has been the *récolte* marvellous. Each of the little bushes—and there are, of course, the millions of bushes in the space of a few miles along these sun-splashed hillsides — has borne twenty to twenty-six thick bunches of the most magnificent grapes. Yet the price will probably be more high than it has been last year. One has been informed that it shall be three francs the litre while still *trouble* in the barrel. One has had to pay two francs a half bottle of new Pouilly, which before the War one has been able to purchase for a third of that figure. It does appear, therefore, that it shall not be

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (*concluded*)

"Their coupe de vin blanc"

in a hurry that we shall return to the *prix d'avant guerre*. The *viticulteurs* have the too great satisfaction in the present to have the will to make the change.

YET there is the nemesis in the distance for the *paysans* who oppose the return to the normal which is the great need. The guilty have not the realisation that they go to kill the other goose of gold which is the seat of the learning in France. It is the Sorbonne which gives the promise to be the first victim of the *profiteurs* of the countryside. Already the Latin Quarter does appear to be dead—killed by the Dear Life. The Boul' Mich! and the streets of the neighbourhood, which at this season should begin to hum with the babel of merry young voices, are silent and empty at night after the business people have retired to take their rest. This is because the students, except those who are supported by the very wealthy families, are unable to meet the expense. There is no more the foothold for the clever young man who did the brilliant work in an attic with the aid of *deux sous de pain*. The owner of the garrets has to find the means to pay for the eggs of gold, and has to mount the prices accordingly. Before the War it has been possible to procure the rooms for fifty, and even thirty, francs a month. But now there is not anything to be obtained for less than three hundred. With the prices of the foodstuffs in the similar proportion it is but few students who find the cost of life *abordable*. There is the fear among the professors that the number of students will shrink to two or three thousands. This may not cause the alarm at present to the wealthy peasants who survey their rich lands from the motor-cars, but the effect shall surely attain them in the end.

"There has been the récolte marvellous"

THEY shall some day have the wish to send their sons or their daughters to the Sorbonne. But there shall be surely a ban upon them if they shall bring the ruin to the Quarter by the prices which they maintain. And if even a few of their sons and daughters should contrive to find the rooms, by the assistance of the wealth which has been amassed by their parents, how shall it be possible for them to enjoy the gay life which is expected as the right of the student?

THERE will be as the companions only the Parisian students who are able to overcome the difficulty of the rooms because they are *chez soi*. But how shall these Parisian students regard these others when they have been deprived of their *coupe de vin blanc* by the too high prices of their *parents*. It would be good for the *paysans* to think of these things and to reconsider the prospects. Otherwise a demonstration of the students among the *poulets prairies* and the *vignobles* may be necessary to bring them to a state of reason. ROLAND

Seven Years After: The Western Front Revisited

I AM STILL UNDECIDED WHETHER TO WALK OR DRIVE IN PARIS

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

A Very "Welcome Stranger"

(WHO IS, INDEED, AN OLD FRIEND)

Picture Photograph] MISS MARGARET BANNERMAN *[Elwin Neame*

Who plays the part of Mary in the new play, "Welcome Stranger," at the Lyric Theatre, produced with great success recently

CAIRO

AT HIS MAJESTY'S

By "JINGLE"

Illustrated by MACMICHAEL

MR. OSCAR ASCHE had no easy task before him when he set out to rival the splendours of *Chu Chin Chow*. He had, as it were, to paint the lily and to gild refined gold, or, in less measured language, to put the tin hat on his former triumphs; and this he has done with a gratifying success. It may be said of *Cairo*, I think, that it is like *Chu Chin Chow* only different. Where an entertainment is all more or less spectacular, it is bound to have something in common with others of its kind. It is an accepted axiom among us that the leopard cannot change his spots, and a well-rounded limb in one entertainment does not alter its contours with the name of the production. As regards limbs, it must be at once admitted that *Cairo* goes as far as its predecessor, if not farther. As Robert Browning so truly says, "A little more and how much it is!" But it is all very beautiful and very impressive; and I have no sympathy with some of the critics who seem to think that ladies who are supposed to be indulging in an ancient Bacchanalian orgy ought to be represented as wearing red flannel underwear that reaches to their toes.

BUT I must not give the impression that *Cairo* is nothing but an apotheosised ballet. There

(Continued on page 252)

At the Mot

"THE NEW 'TUBIT' CAR WAS A CE

Motor Show

BY FLEMING WILLIAMS

A CENTRE OF ABSORBED INTEREST"

is a more or less coherent story in it, though if the plot should at any time cross the path of a spectacular dancing scene, it is held in suspended animation till the dancing is done. That is, I think, very right and proper because in productions of this sort we do not look for tense drama, but rather for soothing details that appeal pleasurably to the eye and ear. And in that respect Mr. Asche has certainly come down handsomely with the goods. Before the play begins there is a feast for the eye in the curtain itself which appears to be a huge oaken screen, carved in Oriental fashion with a fascinating symmetry and a perfect art. In the first scene we are given a taste of the beauty of the whole production by way of something to be going on with. It is called "The Gates of Cairo," and, for all I know to the contrary, may be true to life. But it is certainly very well invented, and the colour and the lighting produce an effect of beauty that will not readily be forgotten.

FEDORA ROZELLI AS ZUMMURUD

THE story does not obtrude itself with impolite emphasis at any time. We learn that there is a Sultan, and therefore, necessarily, the usual plot to kill him, so that a Pretender may reign in his stead. And to make things sure for the Pretender, the Sultan's lawful heir, a mere child, is fatally perforated with a dagger, and is thus put out of the way. All this is, of course, not a very new story. Shakespeare tried to do something of the kind with his rather well-known play, *Macbeth*, but even he was probably not the first in the field with the yarn. Mr. Asche plays the part of Ali Shar, a great wrestler, who comes to Cairo with a troupe of strolling players, and is prepared to take on all comers in the Græco-Roman, or the Cumberland or the Catch-as-catch-can style. Most of the wrestlers at the gates of Cairo, however, are awed by the sight of Ali's brawny arms and deep chest—which is wide open so that a close-up view of it may be taken. Therefore Ali boasts that he will cheerfully take on any two of them at the same time, and does, in fact, close with a couple of huge negroes who are thrown with astonishing ease. What a man to have in the house when the time has come to discharge the cook!

ALI, the strolling wrestler, has a fair daughter named Zummurud, with whom the Sultan himself has fallen in love. (Love,

GRACIE LEIGH AS WEI WA SHI

FRANK COCHRANE AS WEI SAN WEI

as we have often been told, is a great leveller). But the spiteful people who are plotting against the Sultan's life come to Ali and say that the Sultan's overtures are not honourable, and that he seeks only to add the lovely Zummurud to the delights of his already well-filled harem. This is really quite untrue because it happens that the Sultan is prepared to marry the girl, and to adopt monogamy for her sake. But Ali gets this harem story into his head, and goes to the Sultan and challenges him to wrestle, his idea being that when he has got a good grip on the man he will break his little neck for him. The Sultan at once agrees to the wrestling match. He seems an obliging sort of chap, and I daresay if it were put to him nicely, he would cheerfully join in a game of marbles or hop-scotch. But, of course, when he finds Ali trying to murder him, he decides that this is carrying the joke a little too far. Still, Ali is forgiven on his undertaking to make the pilgrimage to Mecca.

THE pilgrimage supplies an excuse for the changes of scene which reveal an enviable taste and a rare knowledge of stage-craft. One of the lesser pictures is an encampment by the Nile, but this is illumined by a beautiful chant to Allah rendered by a band of pilgrims in the most impressive manner. But the great scene, I suppose, will be considered to be the gloomy Old Egyptian Palace, a setting that positively exudes poetry and romance. It is here that the Pretender, seated in state, calls for the resurrection of one of the old-time orgies for which such a place must have been famous in its heyday, and at his word a number of frenzied dancers spring out of the shadows and fling themselves at each other in riotous confusion. At the end of the wild dancing the curtain falls, and when it rises again the revellers are to be seen lying on the ground in patches, recuperating after their exhausting efforts. It is this scene that has brought Mrs. Grundy out of her back parlour with a run.

that this was a bit of the Sultan's own deadly work. When Sharazad accuses him of the crime he just banishes her for her impudence.

MISS LILY BRAYTON plays with her usual charm and her agreeable elocution the part of Sharazad, the reigning Sultan's sister. Sharazad is the mother of the murdered prince, and as the Sultan's dagger was found sticking into the unhappy child, the not unreasonable inference is drawn

This is, perhaps, as easy a way as any of getting rid of a tiresome accusation. So Sharazad becomes the head of a troupe of dancing girls, and with them trips pleasantly from scene to scene as the play proceeds. Two of the most amusing characters in the production are Wei San Wei, a Chinese spy, and his wife, Wei Wa Shi, played with delightful humour by Mr. Frank Cochrane and Miss Gracie Leigh respectively. Mrs. Wei is not supposed to be able to speak English, so that when she drops a casual remark in Chinese, Mr. Wei obligingly acts as interpreter, always prefacing his words, in the manner of Chinese etiquette, with some derogatory reference to the lady. Mr. Cochrane's song about "my miserable wife" is one of the gems of the piece. JINGLE

BY THE BYSTANDER
OCCUPYING AUSTRIA

TENPENNY CHICKEN AND THREE POUND TIPS

"Romantic Salzburg, the fourteenth century castle of Hohen Salzburg on its picturesque wooded eminence in the centre of the town"

In romantic Salzburg, where the fourteenth century castle of Hohen Salzburg on its picturesque wooded eminence in the centre of the town looks across the silvery Salzach torrent towards the fifteenth century Capucin monastery on its companion hill, the Bystander in Occupation is a temporary millionaire. It has its pleasures, this handling of undreamt-of wealth. With what an air does he throw two pounds ten to his porter—an air which does not lack distinction because the two pounds cost him threepence. See him dining in the refectory of a mediæval Benedictine monastery, Peter's Keller, whose cutlery bears the impress of the sacred keys. Has the good Pater Leander, who greets him as he enters, any idea of his rank and quality—of that sum in the bank, small in sterling, but representing over a million kronen (at 7,000 to the pound), which makes him carry his head so high, and order with such a lordly air a five-pound half roast chicken (which costs him sixpence)? A good impression must certainly be created by the casual way in which he orders two glasses of excellent Hungarian wine at five pounds (or five pence) a pint.

There is no country in which one can be satisfactorily extravagant so economically, or economise with such luxurious comfort as in the Tyrol. The reason is that the English and the Americans have not yet discovered its charm and the advantages of being well served by a pleasant and still simple people instead of paying through the nose for rudeness and indifference in the profiteer-ground of Europe. Vienna, where the rate of exchange is the same, has been re-discovered since peace, and living is, consequently, little cheaper than in other European capitals. The wise ones who are the first to re-discover the charm of the romantic cities of the plains and snow-capped hills of Tyrol, will find it a paradise of the idle poor. To these its secret is disclosed by one of themselves—*paresse oblige*.

It is the country *par excellence* for those who find that the pleasure of giving vanishes only with the contents of their pockets. Up on the wooded slopes of the Mönchsberg stands the little wooden hut—a temple of pilgrimage for musicians—where Mozart wrote his "Magic Flute." The old woman who opens the gate for you is entitled to a fee of two heller for her trouble — somewhere near 1-1,200th of a penny. It is not every day that one can be wished the blessing of all the saints for the gift of a penny, yet at this price—and by overpaying the old lady 100,000 per cent.—it may be done in Salzburg. Incidentally, it cannot be repeated as she opens the door for one to leave, for she is neither entitled to, nor will she accept, a fee for that service. What she could do with her legal fee is not to be imagined, since it is only one-tenth of a bridge-toll, the cheapest thing in Salzburg.

"Where Mozart wrote his 'Magic Flute'"

SILHOUETTES BY H. L. OAKLEY

In this city of many charms there is one spot which has a fascination unusual to its kind—Peter's Friedhof, the sleepy old churchyard built up against and in the cliffs of Hohen Salzburg. In what its attraction for the stranger consists it would be hard to say—whether it is the quaint tombstones on which earlier Tyrolese were moved to carve dancing skeletons and ghostly revels as the last compliment to the dear departed, its third century catacombs, or the general air of restful decay (but not neglect) which hangs over its waving grasses and almost Alpine flora. Yet the few English people who drift into Salzburg never fail to discover it, and to return daily for a few moments to its restful greenery. Its attraction for the luckless Tyrolese—with the pound costing 7,000 kronen — is, alas! not hard to imagine. ERIC GORDON

Royal Doings Abroad

Photograph *Topical Press*

THE KING OF ITALY VISITS HIS NEW TERRITORY

The King and Queen of Italy have just returned from their first official visit to the province of Trentino and Italian Tyrol, newly united to Italy by the War. It was a great dream of Italy, which has been now accomplished, and the King was greeted with enthusiasm by the new Italian people, and also those of German origin who reside in this country

Photograph *L. N. A.*

ON BOARD H.M.S. "CURACOA"

The King of Norway, with his staff, recently inspected the Second Light Cruiser Squadron at Christiania, and was received by Rear-Admiral Wilmot Nicholson, C.B., R.N., on board the flagship, H.M.S. "Curacoa." They are seen on the quarter-deck of the flagship with the Rear-Admiral and officers

"The Image of Eternity"

Photograph *Horace W. Nicholls*

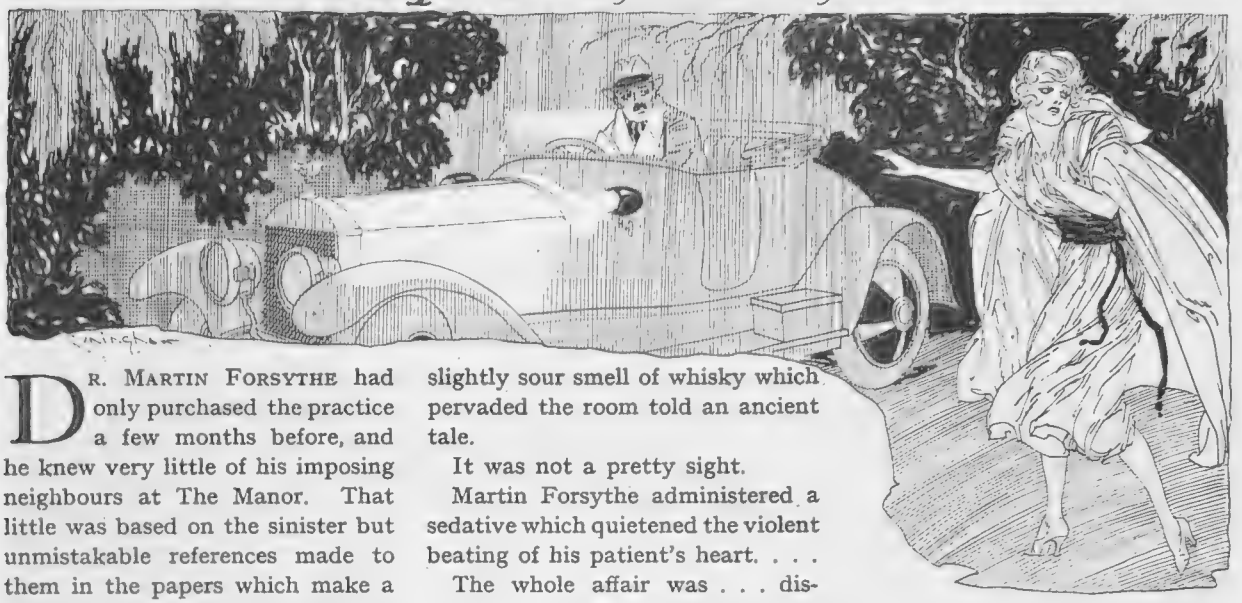
ON THE SHORES OF THE MEDITERRANEAN

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

The Escape

by Holloway Horn

Author of "Half-Caste," "The Circle of Gold," etc.



DR. MARTIN FORSYTHE had only purchased the practice a few months before, and he knew very little of his imposing neighbours at The Manor. That little was based on the sinister but unmistakable references made to them in the papers which make a speciality of such things. Discount all this unpleasant whispering as he did, the doctor remained . . . curious, so that he welcomed the call which, one evening, took him to the Manor.

He had seen Lady Ashbury many times in those far-off days before the War when her beauty and cleverness had been the bright particular attraction at the Old Frivolity. Since she had become Lady Ashbury, however, they had moved in worlds even more widely sundered than those separated by the footlights.

The marriage had been the sensation of a week-end, as unions of beauty and brains with wealth and position very often are.

Lady Ashbury received the doctor in the great hall of The Manor. She was dainty, fragile almost, against the background of age-darkened oak; her years were in the neighbourhood of thirty, the age of maximum charm in a woman.

"I am glad you were able to come at once, Doctor," she said. "Sir John is seriously unwell."

He noticed that she did not come to her husband's room, but left the housekeeper to take him there.

Sir John was lying on the bed, the collar of his dress shirt undone. He appeared to be at least twenty years older than his wife; his face was red and bloated. The obvious and unmistakable marks of the ravages of drink, the patient's heavy, guttural breathing, and the slightly sour smell of whisky which pervaded the room told an ancient tale.

It was not a pretty sight.

Martin Forsythe administered a sedative which quietened the violent beating of his patient's heart. . . .

The whole affair was . . . disgusting. He was filled with pity for the woman downstairs whose destiny was bound up with that of his patient.

He met Sir John and Lady Ashbury in the market-place in the town some days later, and although Lady Ashbury bowed to him, her husband accorded him not the slightest recognition. His manners were apparently as unpleasant as his habits.

. . . . . .

Not all the echoes of the outside world reached Rearston, but some weeks after the doctor's visit to the Manor his wife pointed out to him a paragraph in one of the papers which affect to know the inner secrets of that dazzling thing called "Society."

"Good gracious!" she said. "I believe this refers to the people at the Manor."

So did the doctor, when he had read it. The paragraph spoke of rumours in circulation with regard to a titled lady who had once adorned the stage, and implied that her name was associated with that of a gentleman who was certainly not her husband. References to the husband's habit of wearing "vine leaves in his hair," rendered transparent the veil of anonymity.

"Poor girl," said the doctor as he handed the paper back to his wife.

"There are always two sides to a question, dear," she replied gently.

"I doubt it, in this case," the doctor insisted. "Whatever Lady Ashbury did I don't think I should blame her. You know I have seen her husband off his guard once; she must have seen him so many times."

. . . . . .

A fortnight later, at precisely a quarter past eight o'clock, Dr. Forsythe was called to the 'phone.

"What's that?" he said, sharply. "Speak up, please. . . . Oh! . . . I'll be with you in five minutes."

. . . . . .

His little grey car was garaged at the side of his house, and in something under two minutes he had it under way. The night was so dark that although the doctor knew every inch of the road, he found it necessary to drive slowly. He turned into the lodge gates of the Manor at little more than a walking pace, for in the shadow of the trees it was almost impossible to see a yard in front of him. Halfway through the park the drive turned sharply to the left at a point where a bridge crossed a brook. More than ever the doctor wished he had put his head-light on instead of relying upon his side-lamps, for when he came to the turn it was necessary for him to go dead slow.

It was at this point that he received his second shock that evening, for suddenly in the faint circle of light ahead of him he saw Lady Ashbury standing, her face strangely white against the darkness

(All rights strictly reserved)

"THE ESCAPE" (*concluded*)

of the night. As he came level with her she stepped on to the footboard of his car, and without a word sank into the seat at his side, with a little sigh.

"You are half an hour late, darling," she said, in her low voice. "I have been terrified. I was so thankful when I saw your lights."

For seconds Dr. Forsythe did not appreciate what had happened, and then, in a flash, the meaning of her words broke in on him.

"There is some mistake, Lady Ashbury," he said, gently. "I am Dr. Forsythe."

An exclamation of fear, almost of terror, broke from her. Then, overwrought by her long vigil in the darkness, by her discovery that the car was not the one for which she had been waiting, she broke down completely.

He stopped the car.

"You really must calm yourself, Lady Ashbury," he said. "You have nothing to fear from me, nothing whatever"

"I know," she said, brokenly. "I know. But I simply can't stand it any longer. I won't! I won't! I wired to . . . to London, to-day . . . but, after all, he never came. Oh, I was mad . . . evidently he has not had my wire, he might not have been in Town at all."

"You've been waiting in the park half an hour?" he inquired.

In the darkness she nodded. "Longer," she said, miserably.

"Well, now, listen to me," he urged, gently. "I must take you back to the Manor You have simply been out for a stroll in the park. I picked you up. When you get there you had better go straight to your room until you are calmer."

"But . . . I can't . . . I can't . . . I . . ." She commenced to weep again.

By Leonard P. Dowd

OLYMPIAN TRIALS

Stall Attendant (after spending 20 minutes replying to questions as to the quality, price, etc., of his lubricating oils): "By the way, what make is your car?"

Inquisitive One: "Oh! I haven't got a car; I wondered if it would do for my wife's sewing machine!"

"Unless you do exactly what I tell you," he replied, with more firmness in his tone, "I can't help you. You come back with me to the Manor, go straight to your room, and I promise you there is nothing you need fear."

"But you don't understand," she insisted. . . . "I left a letter. . . ."

"I understand far more than you think," he rejoined, with an odd gentleness in his voice, "and I beg you to do exactly as I suggest."

Followed a silence. "All right," she said, miserably. "I really don't care what happens." In the darkness he heard a bitter little laugh at his side.

The noise of his car pulling up brought the servants to the door, and the housekeeper came down the steps to receive him.

"Go straight to your room," he whispered to Lady Ashbury. Without a word she passed up the steps ahead of him.

"Nothing has been touched, sir," said the agitated housekeeper. "Thank God, you have come. Does that poor girl know?"

"Not yet," said the doctor.

With the housekeeper he passed up the broad staircase to the room in which he had first seen Sir John. This time, however, the patient was in a low chair by the window. A brief examination told the Doctor that he was dead, even as the housekeeper had informed him on the 'phone a quarter of an hour before.

From the limp fingers of the dead man he took a letter. It was in a woman's writing, and a glance at the signature told him that it was the one Lady Ashbury had written.

Holloway Horn

By Victor Hicks

GREAT EXPECTATIONS

Magistrate: "I hope I shall not see you before me again"

Old Offender: "You're not chucking yer job, are yer, guv'nor?"

Getting Into Hot Water

BY WILMOT LUNT

PLUMBER: "I've come to see the geyser"
FOOTMAN (*haughtily*): "Her Ladyship is not at 'ome!"

Naval Economies—No. 2.

BY LIEUT.-COL. E. G. O. BEUTTLER

The First Sea Lord might set the Navy a happy example by wearing only one button on his tunic

IN ENGLAND NOW!

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM

Blanchette

ILLUSTRATED BY HELEN McKIE

LONDON, *October* 31

DEAR COUSIN—

Do believe we're really and actually starting in on the economy line again . . . after our *rather* long post-War burst of fairly chucking it about. Anyway, all sorts of signs and portents pointing that way all around us just now. No one, for one thing, seems to have dreamt of doing any more launching out in the way of cars for positively years and years and years.

IN that direction, anyway, the *nouveaux riches*, I suppose, are already quite thoroughly and completely fitted out by now, thank you. And having acquired their 40 h.p. Rubens and Rembrandt landaulette and Vandyck two-seater (as Mr. Wilmot Lunt would put it) are prepared to rest on their gilded laurels for just a while at least. While we other *nouveaux* (or *anciens*) *pauvres*—being taxed rather higher than millionaires used to be, on incomes rather lower (considering present prices) than road-sweepers used to get—have had to defer for the moment, at any rate, that cherished scheme of investing in the long longed-for Rolls—what?

DON'T really quite know, you know, how some of us keep on keeping on at all these days—those of us, I mean, who haven't done any profiteering, or gone on the movies, or written memoirs, or backed winners, or anything really businesslike like that. . . . Much less how anyone ever dares to do anything so rash and dashing as to burst or break out into what seems to be *the* epidemic of the moment—no, not flu, marriage. Although, I suppose, as Roy Royston philosophically sings in *Now and Then*, "two can sleep as cheap as one," after all.

BUT never mind, no matter and *n'importe*. After all, as someone says—

Fate's a fiddler,
Life's a dance—

and likewise, in the words of another poet—

The good are always the merry,
Save by an evil chance,
And the merry love to fiddle,
And the merry love to dance.

So let's keep up the fiddling-and-dancing effort, anyway, 's long as ever we can, shall us? in spite of whatever happens and even if the bills are more than we can bear and starvation stares us in the face and a seat on the Embankment's our only hope when the lease runs out. . . .

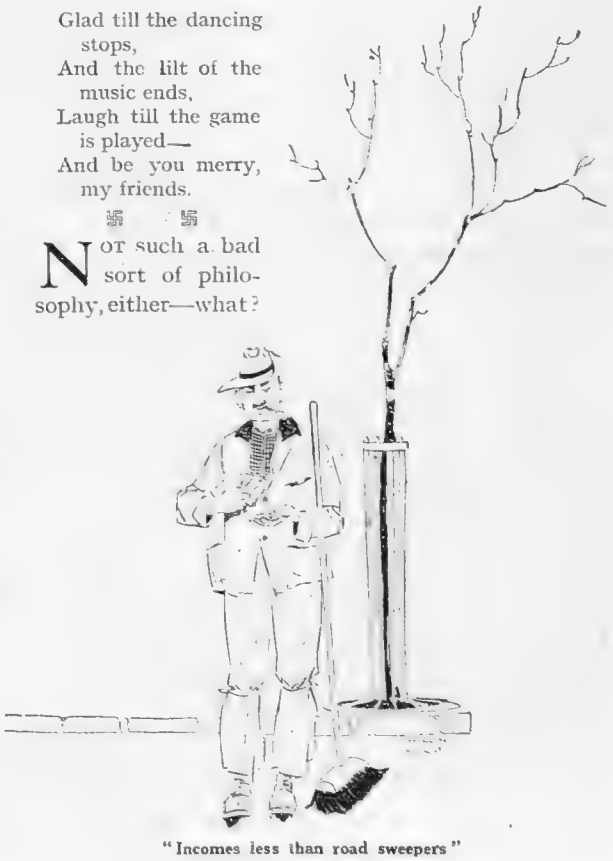
AS yet another poet remarks on the same lines (they *are* so comforting, aren't they? and don't seem to mind a bit about money and suchlike scrdid things)—

Laugh and be merry, remember,
Better the world with a song,
Better the world with a blow
In the teeth of a wrong. . . .

Laugh and be merry together,
Like brothers akin,
Guesting awhile in the rooms
Of a beautiful inn—

Glad till the dancing stops,
And the lilt of the music ends,
Laugh till the game is played—
And be you merry, my friends.

NOT such a bad sort of philosophy, either—what?



"Incomes less than road sweepers"

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (*concluded*)

I mean, smiles do seem to help somehow, don't they? even if you've got a most fearful crick in the heart. And to be rather catching, too—thus giving one quite a gratifying sort of a kind of a feeling of being one of the world's benefactors, and all that sort of thing—and all free gratis and without expense. Which—getting or doing *anything* for nothing, I mean—has come to seem a marvel almost utterly unbelievable, hasn't it, here in England now?

WHERE, though, all the same, as a matter of cold and sober fact, prices (like temperatures) really are beginning to fall just a bit at last. Not that even that seems to matter so much as it might have once. Got so accustomed to thinking in millions, we have (or, at the very least, thousands), that a mere little drop of fourpence or so in the pound on meat or a shilling or two off coal doesn't really "thrill us to the marrer" (as the great George Graves puts it) with a proper pre-War thrill.

BUT—what's *really* important is that prices for clothes, my dear, have actually and truly come down quite a lot. Fashions (as is also remarked in that most delightful of to-day's revues at the Vaudeville)—

Fashions are always changing,
And we don't know what'll happen next—

but, *grâce à Dieu*, at least rather cheaper dress bills do seem to be among the little blessings that we can count on encountering in our anxiously and trepidatingly awaited morning post these days.

"Prices for clothes, my dear, have actually dropped"

OH, about London, by the way—haven't really started to tell you, have I, what it looks like this week? Well—rather flocking in, you know, the people are now, and even Bond Street in the mornings is no longer a desert and a desolation. And the picture show season has set in (as some one once said) with even more than its usual severity, and Lady Lavery (always in the forefront of the movement) has painted some quite nice pictures of quite nice people and Winston, the well-known artist, declares they're perfectly wonderful, whatever the mere common professional critics may say.

AND what with Russian ballet starting to-night at the Alhambra *and* opera at Covent Garden, things really do seem to have got into the swim again, so to speak. Quite a lot of Wagner operas on the *tapis* again, by the way, which I must confess I love so dearly I'm quite (unpatriotically) prepared to try and forget once more that they hail from the country of the hateful Hun. But why, oh why, *will* the Carl Rosa people insist, like they did in an (otherwise) perfectly lovely show of *Lohengrin* the other night, on reminding us of things we'd much rather bury in oblivion by dressing up in helmets and things of such utterly and blatantly Hunnish style?

WONDERFUL, by the way, what a lot of black frocks people are wearing these days, and nights, at Covent Garden—and elsewhere. For once rumour hasn't lied—and the vogue of black, in London as well as Paris, is an absolute and established fact. And a very nice one, too, methinks. Nothing in the world really, I do believe, so completely becoming to most of us as black—though, of course, such early Victorians as still survive among us find it too "gloomy" and "funereal" for words . . . and write to all the papers every day to tell us so.

AT Ciro's, the Savoy, Claridge's, the new Diplomats' Club, and other places where they dance, black begins to reign supreme. Positively looks as if soon we'll only be wearing colours at fancy dress shows like the great Victory Ball, the fourth of its line, that's to be held at the Albert Hall on Thursday of next week—the eve of Armistice Day—and that everybody seems to be going to. And there's another big dance, too, at Devonshire House on the 25th for the People's League of Health, with the Queen as patron—seems we're not going to take our pleasures *too* sadly this winter, spite of all our New Poverty and all the rest of it.

With love, Yours ever,

BLANCHETTE

"Keep on dancing, even if the bills are more than we can bear"

BE ASSURED

that the extra price asked for HAIG & HAIG FIVE STARS SCOTS WHISKY is amply justified by the quality of the goods.

On the principle that "a little and good" is better for you, you can be gently stimulated by the use of HAIG & HAIG at no increased cost.

One glass of fine Whisky is better and safer than two glasses of inferior quality. To avoid damaging your digestion, ask BY ITS NAME for the brand that you like.

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Now that control is removed we sell more Haig & Haig in the Home Market. We can now get the proper price. £7 16*s.* is the price of a dozen. Send your cheque to us and we will pass it on to an Agent. But please remember that there is not enough for everybody.

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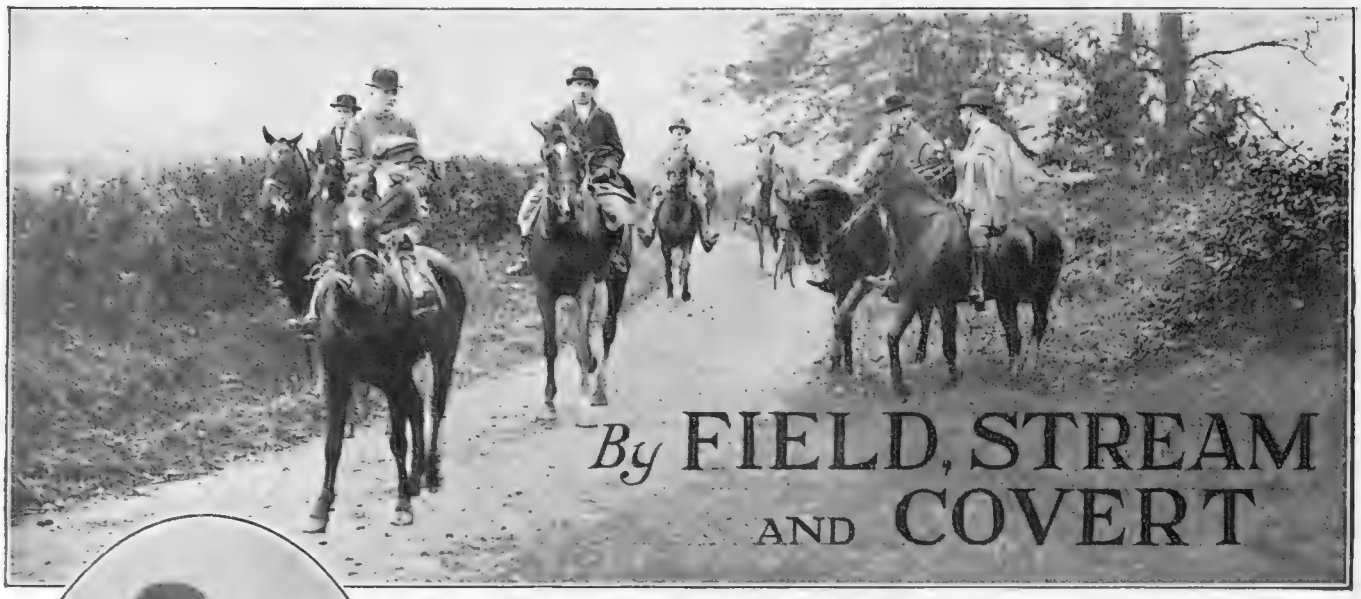

By FIELD, STREAM AND COVERT

Photograph *Sport and General*

CUBBING WITH THE CHESHIRE AT MERE MARSH

Photograph *Poole, Waterford*

LADY MORVYTH BENSON

The second daughter of the Earl of Dudley, who is a keen huntswoman. She married, quite recently, Captain Constantine Benson, D.S.O., who served with the Grenadiers during the War

Hunting Notes

BY A. W. COATEN

Amateur or "Pro."?

I NOTICE the question has lately been revived as to which is to be preferred—amateur or professional huntsmen. I do not think there is likely to be a wide divergence of opinion on this point. The professional will receive the vote almost every time. Hunt Committees occasionally have to solve a very difficult problem. Let me quote a typical case. There is an M.F.H. who is admirably fitted for the job in every way, but he will only keep in office so long as he is allowed to hunt the hounds himself. His enthusiasm is praiseworthy, but he does not possess the quickness and cleverness which go to make the perfect huntsman. Sport is sure to suffer when he carries the horn. It is a hard case for the Hunt Committee, whose duty it is to tell him, as diplomatically as possible, that the country is anxious for a professional huntsman to be employed. This usually has the effect of producing his resignation, and a good man is lost to the list of Masters!

Notable Huntsmen

THERE are exceptions to every rule, and we have known a few amateur huntsmen who were able to hold their own with the best professionals. Colonel Austruther Thomson was as fine a huntsman as was ever seen in the Shires, and even at the present time there are M.F.H.s who handle their hounds most artistically in the field. There is certainly nothing "amateur" about their methods. Mr. Joshua Fielden is one of the most successful of our gentlemen huntsmen. He hunts the Warwickshire on Tuesdays and Fridays, leaving the professional in charge of the pack on the other two hunting days. There has never been much to choose between the sport shown on the amateur and professional days in Warwickshire.

M.F.H.s Who Hunt Hounds

MAJOR T. BOUCH is hunting the Belvoir Hounds, a pack which, until recently, had never been hunted by other than a professional during the two centuries of its existence. Another famous pack, the Brocklesby, which has been hunted by a professional from its earliest days, has this season an amateur in charge of the horn in the person of Sir Charles Wiggin, who has joined Lord Yarborough in the Mastership. Then in the Atherstone country we find Major Henry Hawkins, who shared the duties with a professional last season, will this year be the sole huntsman. It will be decidedly interesting to watch the measure of success which attends these experiments in the Brocklesby and Atherstone countries. In more fashionable hunts like the Pytchley, the Quorn, and the Cottesmore I doubt whether an amateur huntsman would find acceptance in these days.

Photograph *Photo Illust. Co.*

WITH THE R.E. BEAGLES

Captain C. A. West, M.C., the Master of the Royal Engineers Beagles, at a recent meet at White Hall, Hoo, near Chatham

More Changes

A NEW name to the list of Masters of Hounds is that of Colonel Spence-Colby, who has revived the Tivyside pack in Wales. For several seasons before the War the same

sportsman had hounds in this district, and his enterprise in reviving the Hunt has caused much satisfaction. The pack is his own property, and form a very workmanlike lot. A change has also been made in the Clifton-on-Teme country, from which Mr. S. C. E. Lloyd, a good cross-country rider, has resigned. His place has been taken by Major Boileau and Mr. F. W. Morris, who make another addition to the long list of joint Masterships which have been recently formed. A number of Hunts will open the regular season next Monday, but the weather conditions have been all against successful cub-hunting, and the majority of packs are necessarily more backward than usual this autumn. A. W. C.

Photograph *Sport and General*

AT THE SHROPSHIRE RETRIEVER TRIALS

Some smart retrieving was witnessed at the retriever trials at Trenewydd, near Oswestry, the dogs picking up well. Above will be recognised, from left to right: General Campbell, V.C., Colonel Leslie, Major Lomax, Major Kynaston, Colonel Donaldson-Hudson and Captain W Gough

Photograph *Collings*

MASTER OF THE SOUTH SHROPSHIRE

Lieut.-General Sir Edwin Alderson, K.C.B., who has had a very distinguished military career, is Master and huntsman of this Shropshire pack

Racing Notions

BY "CARBINE"

Milenko!

Of course, we all ought to have backed Milenko, but how few of us did! We had seen him run well for the Cup at Doncaster. We had watched his success in the Jockey Club Stakes—and profited by it. And we had seen him win at Sandown only a few days before the Cambridgeshire. Why, then, have left him out last week? For my part, I candidly confess that I imagined the Cambridgeshire distance would not be far enough for him. Everything seemed to indicate that he would prefer a longer course. Many sound judges shared this opinion. Well, we were all wrong.

Abbots Trace

It's no use trying to make excuses for beaten horses, and I attempt to find none for Abbots Trace. Simply the weight was too much for him. I was on him at a nice price, and would not hedge a shilling. Never mind, we may yet have a chance of getting it back, for the statements that he is to retire at once from training are incorrect. All being well, Sam Pickering tells me, he will run for the Liverpool Cup, and you all know what a remarkably good horse he is over that course.

By "The Tout"

MR. WILLIAM CLARK

Who hails from the Southern Cross, and has raced for many years in this country in partnership with Mr. L. Robinson, is the owner of that charming filly "Petrea," who has been winning her races in great style. Mr. Clark is lucky in having such a redoubtable trainer as "Atty" Persse to look after his horses

Lembach

I was not very much enamoured of Lembach's performance in the Dewhurst Stakes, and I shall be surprised if there are not one or two colts to beat him in next season's classic events. True, he may not have been at his best last week so soon after a spell of coughing, but then Hebrides, to whom he only just managed to concede 7 lb., had also been laid aside for the time by the same trouble. There is every indication that the next Derby will be very open. I suppose Lembach will be the winter favourite, but I should not care to back him.

Newbury

This week the best racing will be seen at Newbury, which, thanks to the Great Western's wonderful specials, is just as convenient to attend from Town as some of the metropolitan fixtures. A very interesting race will be the Newbury Autumn Handicap on Saturday. My selection is **The Winter King.** I thought this colt was decidedly unlucky to be beaten at Gatwick, and he now has a good chance of making amends. I believe the November Nursery on the first day will go to **Stratford** in spite of the big penalty he has incurred.

HARRODS

A Reproduction by Harrods of an XVIIIth Century Bedroom.

Harrods illustrate a reproduction of an XVIIIth Century Bedroom, in which the distinction and charm of the period have been cleverly preserved, although the work is entirely modern. The treatment is largely influenced by the Colonial Adams style and presents a background of soft vellum colour, harmonizing perfectly with the rich brown tints of the mahogany furniture. The bed hangings are of a soft wine colour, embroidered with a dull metallic border and fringe. The furniture consists chiefly of Sheraton reproductions. The entire floor is covered with grey carpet; two or three old Persian Rugs are added. The atmosphere is one of repose and dignity.

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THE OPEN MIXED FOURSOMES TOURNAMENT AT WORPLESDON

Miss Joyce Wethered and her brother, R. H. Wethered, followed by an admiring throng on the course to the fourth hole at Worplesdon, where this event was held last week. It was fully expected that they would prove invincible, but they were beaten in the final by Miss E. E. Helme and T. A. Torrance

Sports & Pastimes

RUGBY FOOTBALL

A Sweeping Assertion

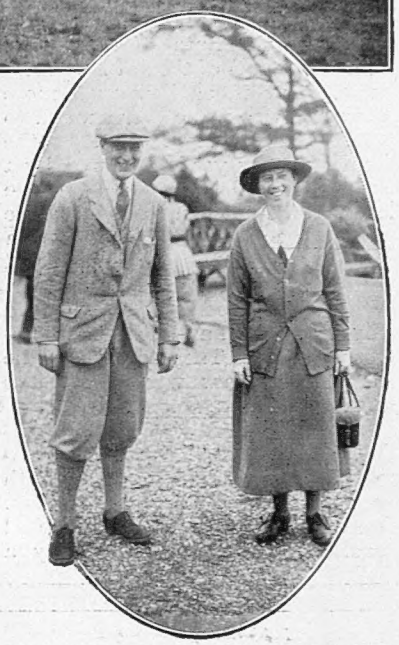
I READ in one of the papers the other day the expression of an opinion that C. A. Kershaw and W. J. A. Davies, the United Services and England half-backs, are the finest pair of half-backs that have ever played Rugby football. This strikes one as somewhat sweeping; but an assertion of this kind can be made with some confidence because it is, in the nature of things, difficult to disprove. You cannot resuscitate the great pairs of half-backs of the past and compare them, as one compares the players in a trial game, with the half-backs of to-day, and comparisons, consequently, must be made with the aid of the memory—which is not always as good as one could wish—and of impressions which are bound to grow fainter and less reliable as time goes on. Moreover, in making your comparisons you have to bear in mind that the conditions under which the game is played are continually changing from time to time. It is at least doubtful, for instance, whether the opposition which England had to face last year was as strong as it was just immediately before the War, or, earlier still, between 1910 and 1912 when Adrian Stoop was about at his zenith.

Dispelling a Danger

HOWEVER, I am not immediately concerned as to whether Davies and Kershaw are, or are not, the finest pair of halves we have ever had. It must always be a matter of opinion, and opinions, as we know, differ. It suffices for me that their play has impressed us all so much as to engender the belief in some that it has never been equalled, because it is interesting to try and find out why this should be so. My own view of the reason why their play has been so universally admired and talked about is that half-back play has for some time been in danger of becoming too stereotyped, and that they have been largely instrumental in averting that danger.

Adrian Stoop's Imitators

PARADOXICAL though it may seem, I think that Adrian Stoop, perhaps the finest stand-off half-back the game has ever known, was indirectly responsible for the tendency of half-back play to become stereotyped. He was so clever and, withal, so successful (because his play was never stereotyped) that it was the first and only duty of the scrum half with whom he was playing to give him the ball at the earliest possible moment. This was a golden rule



MISS. E. E. HELME AND T. A. TORRANCE

Winners of the Mixed Foursomes Tournament at Worplesdon. They proved to be a very formidable pair, and their victory over the Wetheredss in the final was a particularly noteworthy achievement

Photographs *Sport and General*

THE START OF THE MILE

In the Seniors' Sports at Cambridge on Thursday last. D. J. A. Fletcher (Sherborne and Corpus Christi), the winner, is seen on the extreme right of the picture. He won by ten yards in 4 min. 52 4-5 sec.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES (continued)

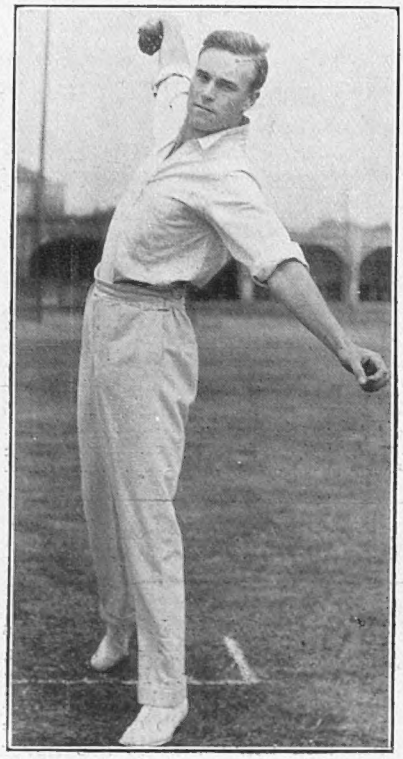
which in Stoop's case admitted of no exception. Naturally, Stoop's game was the model of stand-off play which all half-backs in the Kingdom tried more or less successfully (generally less than more) to copy. This meant that every scrum half was expected to send the ball out the moment he got it.

Slaves of Convention

THUS it came about that the scrum half became a mere conduit-pipe between the scrummage and the potential Stoop behind him. This was, of course, all right, if the potential Stoop was really capable of developing his game on the lines (if only to a limited extent) of that of his prototype. But if, as happened more often, he was not clever enough to achieve something more than the gain of a few yards, followed by a more or less deliberate pass to one of his three-quarters, then the whole of the back play of the side in attack at once became stereotyped and easy to counter in consequence. When this happened people blamed the stand-off half-back—not altogether fairly. They forgot that he and his partner were the slaves of a convention.

Where Kershaw Comes In

IN Davies we have a player with a real genius for half-back play. He would do well behind any good back linked up with him by a scrum half of the conduit-pipe pattern. He does extraordinarily well in conjunction with Kershaw because they have utterly and entirely scrapped the conduit-pipe convention. Kershaw is not expected to pass the ball to Davies when he gets it. He is at liberty to do exactly as he pleases. Consequently, the other side can only try to divine what he is going to do. They cannot anticipate the movements of this disconcerting couple as they can those of a couple who play the stereotyped game, and an attempt to do so very often results in a clean cut through by the pair of them. I think we shall see a very pronounced improvement in half-back play all over the Kingdom owing to the example set by Kershaw and Davies (who happen to be just the right men to set it), and their wisdom in recognising that both half-backs must be given a free hand and yet have a perfect understanding with each other.



Photograph Sport and General

OXFORD'S NEW CRICKET CAPTAIN
G. T. S. Stevens, of University College School and Brazenose, was chosen to play for the Gentlemen against the Players in 1919 while still at school—a rare distinction. He has now been elected Captain of the O.U.C.C.

LAWN TENNIS

A Doubtful "International"

LAST week a match entitled India *v.* Scotland was played on the hard courts of the North London Hard Court Club at Highbury. India was suitably represented by four players who either played in, or were reserves for, the All-India team in this year's Davis Cup Competition, and I take it that their captain was empowered by his Association before he left India to arrange

(Continued on page 270)

POPE & BRADLEY
Civil Military & Naval Tailors
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By Appointment to H.M. the King of Spain

THE KNIGHT CLUB

ECONOMY AND RUBBISH.

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

THE one imperative principle we must all adopt to-day is economy; and we must adopt it politically, commercially, and individually.

The hard-hit, over-taxed public anxiously seeks the few loopholes of relief from the war-inflated prices of the necessaries of life. Yet never, in the history of this country, has so much shoddy rubbish been foisted on the people.

The price of men's clothes is one of the vital problems. The minimum price for a lounge suit by Pope and Bradley is ten guineas (or 66 per cent. above the pre-war price for this quality), and it is utterly impossible to produce a properly made, well-tailored suit of first quality material under this figure. The net profit made by this House on these ten-guinea suits is the bare margin of a few shillings. Labour in the West End is up 100 per cent., and materials, linings, silks, etc., are now up considerably over double pre-war cost. It requires no mathematical genius to appreciate these figures. To yield a fair profit these ten-guinea suits should be charged at twelve guineas, which is the price charged elsewhere, and unless costs are reduced before long the price will have to be increased, for there is one policy on which this house is determined—*it will not reduce quality and jeopardise the reputation it holds.*

There are thousands of men to-day wearing lounge suits made by Pope and Bradley before 1914. *A really well-made suit is an economical investment. The material does not wear out, and it always keeps its shape.*

The costs of production have been studied to a fraction, and when suits are offered to the public at prices under those quoted here *it merely means that second quality materials are used and slung together by second-class workmen.*

The commercial fly in the ointment is that Pope and Bradley's productions last too long. They can be dated and appreciated like the good vintages of champagne. Lounge Suits from £10 10s. Dinner Suits from £16 16s. Dress Suits from £18 18s. Overcoats from £3 8s. Riding Breeches from £5 15s. 6d.

14 OLD BOND STREET W
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also ROYAL EXCHANGE MANCHESTER

You Cannot Be Too Careful

A Prominent Jewellery Buyer recently told us that all pearl business—artificial and real—is stimulated by Técla advertising, and in one way we regret this, because we wonder how many women have bought ordinary artificial pearls under the delusion that they were genuine Técla creations.

Either you want Oriental Pearls or Técla Pearls, but you don't want anything else.

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(The London Técla Gem Co. Ltd.)

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any matches for his team during their visits to Europe and America that he might think fit. But I should like to know by whose authority the designation "Scotland" was given to the team which did duty for the other side. When a match takes place which purports to be an International match one is entitled to some assurance that each team consists of accredited representatives of the nation whose name it bears.

Elements of Uncertainty

IT is possible that the encounter which took place last week was authorised and approved by the Scottish Lawn Tennis Association, and that the Scottish team was chosen by some person or persons duly empowered by the Scottish L.T.A. to choose it. In that case I have nothing more to say except to offer to Scotland my condolences on the somewhat pronounced failure of her accredited team. But I am inclined to doubt whether the Scottish L. T. A. had anything to do with the promotion of this encounter. It is a significant fact that at the office of the Lawn Tennis Association, which is the governing body of the game in Great Britain and—for the present at any rate—Ireland, nothing was known of the match until the report of it appeared in the daily papers.

Photographs *Sport and General*

CROSS-COUNTRY RUNNING AT OXFORD

The Freshmen's cross-country race was held on the Tuesday of last week. The upper photograph shows the Blues, N. A. McInnes and E. A. Montague laying the trail, and the lower one C. B. E. Morgan (Charterhouse and Christchurch), the winner

Misrepresentation?

IN some of the papers the losing side were described as "a team representing Scotland." This is also significant. At the same time it does not appear to me to mend matters. It is equally misleading to describe a team as "Scotland" or as "representing Scotland" unless the choice of it has been made or approved by the proper authority. Upon this proposition I stand firm. But at the same time let there be no misunderstanding. Of the match which took place last week, in itself, I have no complaint to make whatever. Anything of this kind which makes for a bit of sport has my entire approval, and if three or four brave lads are game to take on the All-India team and the All-India captain says "Righto!" by all means let them get on with it. But why seek to invest the engagement with an air of importance by something which looks on the face of it like misrepresentation? You don't get this sort of thing in other games, and it is not going to do the game of lawn tennis any good. H. S. S.

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Beaune, 1917	24/-	Vin de Graves	24/-
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Chablis	24/-	Walnut Madeira (old boutled)	48/-
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